

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



I SAW A DARK FIGURE WITH A DAGGER STOOPING OVER ME.

ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS OF OREGON.

CHAPTER I.—UP SMITH'S RIVER.

SOME ten years ago I joined a band of forty adventurers, who made the first settlement on the river Umpqua, the next river of importance on the Oregon coast to the Columbia. We met with the usual fortunes of pioneers of the wilderness. Hard fare and hard work were our daily portions, served up with danger enough to render the situation sufficiently piquant for the greatest fire-eater amongst us.

No 708.—JULY 22, 1865.

Our little assemblage of portable zinc houses, brought from San Francisco, ambitiously dignified by us as the "City of Wmp-qua," was located only a few hundred yards from an Indian ranche, or village, whose inhabitants vastly outnumbered our small party; and it was quite patent to those most interested in it that our fish-eating neighbours frequently held high council or the propriety of a general massacre of the white men. To this day I believe that we did not owe our exemption from such a fate to any good-will those tawny debaters bore towards us, but simply and solely to a hazy perception of the moral of the "golden-goose egg" fable by

their crafty old tyke or chief, which induced him to imagine that he and his people could rob us more easily and advantageously by trading than by violence. As if this state of things were not bad enough, a rash enterprise, into which I indiscreetly allowed myself to be led, was the means of exposing me to no ordinary perils. It happened that one of our party was a vapouring little fellow, a French Canadian, whose Christian name was Pierre. He was a great *raconteur*, and nothing pleased him better than when he could get an attentive audience to listen to his extraordinary yarns of personal adventures by sea and land, which he detailed in a curious polyglot, peculiar to himself, compounded of American idioms and French *patois*.

If we did not believe *all* these yarns, which had the suspicious peculiarity of invariably illustrating the cool courage and other admirable qualities of the narrator, they amused us; and in truth the little fellow indorsed them by being endowed with extraordinary strength, which he delighted to display by humping enormous logs in our lumbering operations, and in other ways. But a three months' residence at Umpqua had possibly caused Pierre's experiences or his imagination to give out; for it was about this period that he projected an exploration of Smith's River, prompted, I really believe, by no other motive than a wish to provide a new sensation for the Umpqua public, and consequently additional self-glorification.

Smith's River, I must explain, is a stream of considerable importance that falls into the Umpqua, about eight miles below the latter's estuary, and derives its name from an unfortunate trapper of the Hudson's Bay Company who succumbed to an Indian attack when trapping on its head-waters many years ago. These scant details were all we knew of Smith's River. As Pierre could not possibly carry out his project single-handed, he fixed upon me as a comrade to accompany him. Accordingly he gradually unfolded his plan to me, artfully pointing out the advantages that must accrue to our party by our discovery of eligible growths of timber for lumbering, or of flat land, in which the region of Umpqua River was singularly deficient, for squatting purposes. He was not long in winning me over to his views; and, the enterprise once determined on, our preparations were soon made. They were very simple. Our double-barrelled guns, blankets, with a good stock of ammunition and provisions, thrown into a canoe, were pretty nearly all that was requisite. Keeping our design a profound secret from the rest of our people, we paddled off one morning under pretext of joining a party who were lumbering on Gardiner's Island, ten miles up the river. We took with us the lightest of the canoes, as we had ascertained, by cross-examination of the Indians, that there were several small rapids at the head of Smith's, and a heavy one would have been very embarrassing at the portages or places where it would be necessary to transport it overland. When the first bight of the river hid us from the eyes of our fellow-citizens of Umpqua, we took council together as to our future proceedings. Pierre, who was red-hot on his project, proposed that we should at once make for Smith's River, paddle down it as far as we could before darkness overtook us, and camp on its bank that evening. To this I opposed a decided veto, not considering it prudent to leave all our comrades in ignorance of our designs. My particular friend, Wattie Linn, being one of the party on Gardiner's, I intended to steer there and privately confide to him our intentions. Most fortunately, as it ultimately turned out, I carried my point.

"Don't ye go," said Wattie, who was a backwoodsman

of great experience, when I imparted my intention to him. "This 'coon don't like the idea, he don't."

"Why not?" I asked: "are we such greenhorns that we can't manage the canoe?"

"Taint that."

"Are you afraid of the Indians cutting us off?"

"Wal, no; taint that neither, though the Injuns air round *some* jest now. Fact is, this hyar hoss don't kinder coneate yon Frenchman; bet he ain't clar grit in a 'drag out' by a long chalk. Don't ye go 'long with him nohow, boy."

Of course I declined to take this well-meant caution. Good advice is mostly unpalatable when against our wishes.

That night we camped with our friends on the island; but I could not help noticing that Wattie seemed strangely out of sorts, and was anything but the frank-hearted mountain boy he usually was. All evening he sat moodily smoking his pipe by the shanty fire, apparently lost in thought; and I felt guiltily conscious that my headstrong persistence in the exploring expedition had caused this change in his demeanour. To my astonishment, it was the pressure of his hand that woke me at so early an hour the next morning that it was not daybreak.

"Air ye still bound up thar?" he demanded, indicating Smith's River by a motion of his head in that direction.

"Certainly, Wattie," I replied.

"Wal, then, I calc'late ye'd better clar out right away. Thar's them on this island as ye'd best cache yer trail from."

"Who may they be?" I asked, with a certain feeling of uneasiness.

"Injuns; and bad ones at that," was his reply.

Arousing Pierre, without satisfying him for my reasons for this early *alerte*, we got our things together and launched the canoe. Pierre had already taken his place at the bows, and my foot was in the stern-sheets, when Wattie, who had hitherto watched our proceedings in silence, laid his hand on my arm and drew me aside.

"Now, boy," he whispered, emphatically, "I can't go with you; 'the canoe won't hold three of us, and we've nothing else afloat up hyar but the surf boat, and the boys want that; but mind this, now: guess it'll take nigh four days to get up Smith's, for thar's a freshet in the river; but a day's paddling 'll bring ye back, right smart down tide. Now give yer word to be back hyar by six days at the latest, that is, if ye kin."

"I promise, Wattie."

"Good, again, boy! If so be ye meet trouble, and hev' to quit the canoe outright, even if ye've got to fit for it, make tracks down the *right bank* of the river when ye push for 'hum' (home). Don't forget this—the *right bank of the river*;" and, with a wistful look in my face and a hearty pressure of my hand, Wattie was gone.

That skilled backwoodsman and stark hunter's last words made a strange impression on me as we shot forth into the dark river, and for the first time I felt certain misgivings as to the results of our enterprise. Could I in honour have retreated from my engagements with Pierre, I should certainly have done so.

"What is that?" I asked, as, having paddled ahead for a few hundred yards, a spark of fire showed in our rear, a little way over to starboard.

"Camp fire," replied Pierre. "Injuns on Gardiner's—*sans doute*—whoop!" And my mate, who had inherited much of the mercurial temperament of his countrymen, gave vent to his feelings by a flourish of his paddle, and a loud slogan of defiance that echoed amid the surrounding mountains far and wide. I could not prevent this

stupid demonstration; but I felt now that Wattie's well-meant precaution to get us away from the island unknown to the Indians had been taken in vain. Vexed by Pierre's conduct, but aware that it was no use showing it, I silently plied my paddle, and we were shortly off the *embouchure* of Smith's River.

As we shaped our course up this river, which probably no white men but ourselves had ever before navigated, I shook off the unpleasant feelings which had hitherto beset me, and began to appreciate the novelty of my position. Fortunately, too, at this time the wind commenced to blow from a favourable point, and we were able to set our little square sail and cease paddling; and thus, gently wafted up-stream, we had every opportunity of looking around us. We found ourselves on a fine broad sheet of water, running, as near as we could judge, north by west. The banks of the river at its estuary seemed to be flat and marshy, but, as we proceeded, it gradually assumed the prevailing features of streams westward of the Sierra Nevada, which generally run between thickly-timbered mountain ranges, more or less broken, with surprisingly little table-land. But, though the scenery was thus to a certain extent sombre, the serene and elastic nature of the unequalled climate of Oregon, with the bright sun above and clear waters beneath us, had their natural effect on our spirits, and we became highly elated with the prospects of our trip. Coming to a portion of the bank which seemed favourable for camping purposes, we landed and cooked breakfast. As we discussed our meal, our attention was attracted by the quantity and diversity of the aquatic wild-fowl flying or floating past on the river. Amongst them were ducks and divers of innumerable descriptions, with flocks of wild geese, swans, and pelicans. The extraordinary boldness of these birds, in venturing near us in their flight, suggested that as yet they had not smelt powder. The balls in our double-barrels were accordingly withdrawn and replaced by charges of shot; and then commenced one of the most successful *battues* in which it was ever my fortune to join. Could we have retrieved all the birds we brought down, we should have accumulated an immense spoil; but in most instances the stream bore them beyond our reach. Still, we succeeded in making up a fair game-bag. While thus engaged, we forgot the object that had brought us to this out-of-the-way part of the world, and it was late in the afternoon when we again put off up-stream. The wind had now changed, and, after paddling a very few miles against the freshet, we went ashore again and camped for the night. Our day's sport afforded a very welcome addition to our inevitable "pork, damper, and tea;" and after a hearty supper we hauled the canoe ashore, wrapped our blankets around us, and were soon asleep by the camp fire.

Camping out is no hardship in Oregon. No rain falls there between the months of April and October; and, though the necessary moisture is amply supplied to the country during the intervening months in the form of heavy nocturnal dews and matutinal fogs, they never seem to bring cold or catarrh, and white and red men alike sleep out in the open air with the greatest impunity.

It was now early in October, and the first rain of the winter season, which had caused the freshet in the river, had fallen two or three days previously. Next morning, bright and early, we were again *en voyage*, but, being compelled to progress solely by the aid of our paddles, we soon discovered that the strength of the freshet increased as we advanced, and, after a hard day's work, the distance we had gained before we were again com-

elled to camp for the evening was inconsiderable. On this, the second day, an incident occurred that, though trivial in itself, caused me considerable unpleasant speculation. A small object sailing down mid-stream attracted our attention, and with some little trouble we succeeded in intercepting it. On examination it proved to be one of the Indian baskets manufactured from the fibres of the flowering vine of the country, which are ingeniously worked so close that the basket is perfectly water-tight, and, in fact, is often made use of as a water utensil. Now, as this waif could not be indigenous to the stream, its presence upon it could only be explained by supposing that it had dropped overboard unnoticed from some Indian canoe, and consequently there must be Indians above us on the river. Yet we had never heard of a tribe of Indians settled on Smith's. This enigma did not by any means assume a more cheerful aspect, when, while towing the canoe a few hours after the discovery of the basket, we came across some carefully extinguished embers on the left bank of the river. Examining the "signs," we found that a large party of Indians, with several canoes, had camped here on the previous night, and, as we had not met them coming down, they must assuredly have gone up-stream this morning. It was therefore palpable that a party of Umpqua Indians had followed us up Smith's, and passed our camp unperceived under the cover of night. Yet I found it impossible to account in a satisfactory manner for their presence here. What object could possibly have induced these, usually the most indolent people in the world, to paddle up this out-of-the-way stream in the teeth of a strong freshet? It could not be in search of their principal food, salmon. The regular fishery had ceased on the migration of the salmon at the latter end of August; and, though I was aware that there was still the inferior species of the dog-toothed salmon to be found till December, it was most unlikely that the Indians should take such an amount of trouble to capture fish which they held in contempt when their ample winter stores of the prime salmon in the world were already secured.

While Pierre treated the affair with apparent levity, I could not bring myself to view it in the same light, and the warning words of Wattie Linn recurred most unpleasantly to my memory. Still I did not like to propose a retreat, and compromised the matter in my own mind by resolving to keep a particularly good lookout, and not run into any danger that vigilance might avoid. Long before we came in sight of the first rapid, on the third day, the freshet had received such an accession of force that our paddles would no longer stem it, neither would a favourable wind avail us; and we had to make our way up-stream in the best way we could. We accomplished it sometimes by means of a pair of setting-poles, which we cut for the purpose; sometimes by hauling ourselves along the bank, hand over hand, from one projecting branch or point of rock to another, or, when the bank permitted, by means of our cordelle or towing-line. When the water shoaled sufficiently, we jumped overboard and pushed the canoe before us. This continuous toil, together with other causes, considerably damped the elation of spirits with which we set out on our expedition. The scenery of the river, too, had grown gloomily impressive. The narrowed stream now glided through precipitous banks, and was in some places completely overhung by dense clumps of the hemlock, walnut, spruce, cedar, and cotton-wood; while there were not wanting the swamp ash and weeping willow to contribute their funeral aspect to the gloomy shade.

"Spell, ho!" I cried, in the midst of our arduous exertions; "an Indian village!" and I pointed to a hill some distance ahead, on the left bank of the river, whose sloping side, unlike the other hills around, completely denuded of vegetation, was dotted at irregular intervals with certain objects that had the appearance of huts. As we leant on our setting-poles and surveyed this singular locality, we were unable to detect about it the least sign of life; so, after a short consultation, we held on our course. Drawing nearer, we found that what I had imagined to be an Indian village was in reality neither more nor less than an immense cemetery of the aborigines. The *ci-devant* huts were simply tumuli of earth, each of which marked the resting-place of a warrior of the tribe, and over which were piled his canoe, paddles, weapons, cooking utensils, and nets; so that when he joined his forefathers in the "happy fishing grounds," which are stocked, according to Indian tradition, with immense quantities of the most delicious fish and rare water-fowl, he should not find himself embarrassed from want of a proper outfit. But all the deceased warrior's property is more or less injured by the sorrowing but artful relatives, in order that it may never become available in the hands of sacrilegious strangers. *A propos* I may remark that a certain reverential respect for their dead, which evinces itself in a variety of ways, is the one solitary trait of good feeling which, as far as my experience goes, "does honour to the head and heart" of the Indian of the Oregon coast.

Having completed our survey of this singular cemetery of the wilderness, we regained our canoe, and, after making another mile or two, camped for the night, just below the first rapid. Since our discovery of their bivouac, we had seen no signs of the Indians; but this circumstance did not make me easier in my mind, as I knew enough of the nature of the red man to be aware that, if he entertains any hostile design against you, it is invariably under cover of a surprise that he seeks to strike his blow. Thus it was that, on this night, neither the previous day's hard work, nor the lulling wash of the rapid, had the effect of sending me into a sound sleep. On the contrary, I slept and woke in alternate fitful snatches. About the middle of the night, as near as I could guess, when I was in a state of half somnolency, half wakefulness, suddenly a dry twig snapped near me, and I became aware of the presence of the ancient fish-like smell peculiar to the Indian of the Pacific. With a great effort I opened my eyes, and became all at once remarkably wide awake. And no wonder; for by the flickering light of the camp fire I saw bending over me the particularly knavish visage of Wah-kia-na, a petty tyke of the Ump-quas. All the rest occurred to me, as it seemed, in a breath. As I sprung to my feet, Wah-kia-na reached the bank of the river with one agile bound, disappeared in a noiseless plunge beneath its waters, and I stood alone. I looked around the camp. Nothing seemed disturbed. Close at hand lay the canoe, and near it our miscellaneous property, piled just as we had left it; while by the fire was crouched Pierre, whose deep-drawn breathing denoted that he was sleeping tranquilly. I would fain have persuaded myself that the whole affair, that seemed so like a dream, had really been one, but that at my feet was ocular demonstration to the contrary, in the form of a misshapen piece of iron, ground to the rude similitude of a sword, and whipped at one end with stringy bark to form the handle, which I recognised as the constant companion of Wah-kia-na. Often and often I remembered remonstrating with him at Ump-qua, when we

were friends, on this very piece of iron, which, though legitimately a weapon, he used for divers purposes, the most annoying to me being a kind of taster, which he would aggravatingly poke into my provisions when I was engaged in cooking. I have said "when we were friends," for the fact is that our friendship terminated abruptly some time ago, when, in consequence of his committing a paltry theft, I was compelled to eject him from my hut, in a mode more energetic than polite. Now, as a savage *never* forgives a personal indignity, however richly he may have merited it, the sur-reptitious intrusion of this particular Indian into our camp at such an hour, for an unknown purpose, troubled me exceedingly; for, if he and his people nourished a *vendetta* against me, they could not possibly have a better opportunity than the present one to gratify it securely.

Cut off as we were, in this wild spot, from all assistance from our comrades, even our possession of fire-arms could avail us little against the Ump-quas, should they attack us in overwhelming numbers. Waking up my mate, I communicated to him what had occurred, and was anything but pleased to note that, if he *was* the hero he always represented himself, he was certainly not endowed with the Napoleonic "two o'clock in the morning courage." He exhibited considerable perturbation of mind as I took a brand from the fire and pointed out the tracks made by the naked feet of the Indian in the yielding soil of the bank.

"Peste!" he ejaculated, becoming more "hybrid" in his speech, as he always did under the pressure of excitement, "Je n'aime pas ces varmints—c'est dangereuse. Guess we'd best vamos à l'instant."

"We can't move from here till daylight," I replied, coldly. "There are too many snags in the river to admit of piloting the canoe safely down-stream in the dark." This fact being unanswerable, we both kept weary vigil till the eastern sky grew grey, when we cooked our breakfast and prepared to depart. But the breakfast and the now bright and brilliant morning had completely renovated our spirits, and the gloom and fears of the night were almost forgotten. I looked at the rapid, only a few hundred yards above us, and then at our canoe. "I should like to have ascended one of the rapids at least before we turned back," I remarked. "It would not take us above an hour or two, and we might still reach home to-night." My mate offered no objection to my proposition, though he had cooled considerably in his enthusiasm as an explorer; and we again urged the canoe up-stream. The rapid before us was by no means a formidable one, but its fall, caused by the banks approaching each other at this point, was doubtless augmented by the freshet, and we soon found it was not to be passed by poling. On the other hand, the banks were extremely precipitous, and presented great obstacles to transporting the canoe overland. In this dilemma a plan suggested itself to me, and I immediately proceeded to put it in execution. First enjoining Pierre to unload the canoe, I took possession of the cordelle, and, after a scramble over the high bank, I again descended to the river's brink, but at a point above the rapid. Then, attaching one end of my line to a log of wood, that I had brought with me for the purpose, I threw it into the stream, and paid out the line till it had passed beyond the rapid, and Pierre was enabled to secure it. When he had attached his end to the bows of the canoe, I commenced to haul upon the line, but soon found that my strength was unequal to contend against the force of the rapid. I then hailed Pierre to come to my assistance. Yard by yard we dragged up the canoe, and were just on the point of congratulating ourselves

on our entire success, when, crack! the stout hide line parted in two, and away went the canoe down the falls again. We watched its career in breathless suspense, as now, deprived of all guidance, it swirled to and fro as it was hurried madly along. At first we thought it would have shot the passage in safety. We were in error. About midway down the falls its stern tipped lightly against a rock that projected from the current; it was enough: the light fir canoe was irretrievably bilged. It broached broadside to, filled in a moment, and then rolled over and over in the foaming waters, a hopeless wreck. Here was a fix. The canoe represented the only legitimate medium by which we could reach home again, and the canoe was lost. In this emergency Pierre's attitude was not reassuring. The glance that I cast upon his blank, scared face, told me that Wattie was right when he said that this man "wanted grit," in plain English, "pluck." Henceforth I saw that, humanly speaking, I must depend upon myself alone. We now scrambled back again over the bank and retook possession of our effects, which, luckily, had been removed from the canoe. After some time revolving in my mind what was best to be done under the circumstances, I addressed Pierre, who could do nothing but shrug his shoulders and walk disconsolately up and down the bank. It would take us days, perhaps weeks, to make our way home along the river banks, for they are in many places so mountainous as to be all but inaccessible; while, if we tried a circuitous route, the chances were that we should lose ourselves. "There is only one thing to be done: we must knock up a raft."

"Bravo! well said," cried Pierre, joyfully. "Voici timber, plenty; and behold, a tomahawk to chop it."

"And here is a rope to bind the logs together," I said, producing the greater portion of the cordelle which I had brought from above the rapid.

"But what is the meaning of this?" I added, as my eye now detected certain appearances about the line. The cordelle had been half cut through in several places. For a moment I fancied that the coyotes, or wild dogs, had made these incisions; but I soon saw that they were too clean to have been done by teeth.

"Pierre," I said, emphatically, "this is the work of Wah-kia-na; I am convinced now that his object here, last night, was to deprive us of the canoe: for what reason I know not. Foiled in that attempt by the precautions we have always taken to haul it ashore at night, he took the next available means of effecting his purpose, by half cutting through the cordelle, foreseeing that this would insure the destruction of the canoe if we attempted to ascend the rapids."

"You are right, mon ami. This rascal means us no good," replied Pierre, looking very grave.

"I fear not," I rejoined; "and the more reason that we get the raft under way at once. So now to work."

Of course there was plenty of timber at hand; but, as we possessed only one little tomahawk to chop it with, our work proceeded very slowly, and I was just remarking that we should hardly finish before evening, when Pierre, who was taking his spell with the tomahawk, pitched it suddenly away from him, and proceeded to execute a frantic *pas de joie*. I thought he had gone mad. "Mais c'est une sottise! c'est une sottise!" he kept repeating.

"What is sottise?" I demanded at length.

"It is sottise to toil—to make rafts—rafts when there are good canoes, and plenty to our hands."

"Canoes! where?"

"At the sauvage: what you call—?—graveyard."

"The Indian cemetery! True, there are no doubt

canoes there that would serve our purpose. But, I say Pierre, don't you think it would be desecration of the dead to meddle with them? How would the Indians like it?"

"Bah! mon cher Lee, que voulez-vous? The Injuns have their affaires; we have ours. That is, to get home. Allons! then, mon brave, to the cemetary; suivez-moi!"

We were on the same side of the river, so that a couple of hours' hard struggling over the mountains brought us to the cemetery. Here, sure enough, were plenty of canoes of all shapes and sizes; but, in consequence of the Indian custom I have remarked, of injuring these relics of the dead, we were some time in finding one that was watertight. At last we pitched on an old barky, of such ponderous build that it would appear as if she had successfully defied the efforts to injure her, being in remarkably good preservation. Her size and weight were enormous; and, if the hill on which she lay had not sloped considerably riverwards, we should never have succeeded in launching her. The hard struggle she cost us to get her into the water caused me almost to forget my remark on the desecration of the dead; and, if I had still some compunctions on that score, they were entirely obliterated when we were fairly embarked with our effects, and floating down the river under the guidance of a pair of paddles that we had also appropriated. The prospect of soon reaching home again put us in excellent spirits; and the idea of the extraordinary appearance we must have cut had there been observers present was almost too much for our sense of the ludicrous. Doubtless, at some period long, long ago, our antique-looking craft had been the state barge of some illustrious tyke of the Fish-eaters. She had been originally cut out of a mammoth cedar, and her build had more of the pirogue of the Carrib than the canoe of the Oregonian. Her bows and stern were considerably elevated, and were carved into the semblance of some unknown monsters, while the gunwales, instead of retreating canoe fashion, flared outwards. Her sides also were covered with rude carving and hieroglyphics, and she had once possessed thwarts; but, as these were now wanting, we were compelled to stand to our paddles, which we only used to steer with. So down the rapid stream we glided, laughing and joking, in a fashion utterly unbefitting the dignity of our majestic old pirogue. But never was hilarity more premature and out of place than ours. The proverb of "Don't holloa till you are out of the wood" was surprisingly applicable to our case. We had only made two or three miles downstream, when we approached an elbow in the river where it shot off almost at right angles to its former course. In addition, the stream narrowed at this point, and all our attention was directed towards giving our lengthy craft a proper sheer into the next reach. When this was successfully accomplished, and we looked up, what was our astonishment to perceive that we were abreast of a large Indian camp, pitched on the river's bank. The moment its dark-coloured occupants beheld us, with one accord they rushed down to the water's edge, and there stood, transfixed into various attitudes, illustrative of intense surprise, horror, and indignation. It would have been well for us if thus they had remained; but their inaction was only of momentary duration. With a simultaneous howl of rage, some threw themselves into canoes, others into the water, and the whole crew paddled or swam after us in full pursuit.

WHY NOT LET IT GO?

In some of the forests of southern and central America there is a species of monkey famous for his howling

capacities and propensities, and who, having some of the habits of the bear, is on these accounts called the Ursine Howler. The monkeys of this species live in communities, and hold their assemblies in the tops of trees, or other elevated and prominent positions. Their howling is something prodigious, and altogether out of proportion to their bodily dimensions. Though not averaging three feet in stature, exclusive of their tails, any one of them can make more noise than the roaring lion or infuriated bull, nature having qualified them for such utterances by a peculiar arrangement of lung, larynx, and trachea. They howl in chorus, and they howl all night long, and that in such a portentous style that he who hears them once never, it is said, loses his recollection of their performance. Now this accomplished vocalist is rather a favourite among the Indians of the wilds, not on account of his voice, but on account of his somewhat shaggy skin, which does not make a bad tent covering, and also of his flesh, which, though rather dry and sapless, is not unsavoury, and can be preserved for future use by the simple means of hanging it for a day or two in the sun.

But the Howler is difficult to catch; his watchful sentinels advertise the approach of the stranger, and it is difficult to get within gunshot of their groups; for, once alarmed, they are off with the speed of an arrow, and are no more seen. But then the Howler has a sweet tooth, an exceedingly sweet tooth, and doats upon sugar to that degree that he cannot bring himself to part with it if he once gets it within his grasp, be the consequences what they may. So the cunning Indians contrive that his sweet tooth shall be the death of him, and bring him to bay by means of a morsel of sugar. The affair is managed in the following way: there is a plant called by naturalists the *lecythis*, growing in the woods where the Howlers inhabit, which bears a nut about the size of the monkey's head. This nut the hunter pierces with a single orifice barely large enough to admit the monkey's empty hand; then, scooping out the natural contents, he half fills the hollow with sugar well rammed down, and leaves the nut thus charged in the track of the Howlers, ensconcing himself at the same time in close hiding. The Howler, who howls in chorus, always makes a solo of a thief. By-and-by a cunning fellow swings himself down from the tree-top, lured by the smell of the sweets, and after a short search finds the treasure. In goes his hand through the narrow orifice, and the greedy fingers clutch upon a huge handful of the sweets, which, however, they are powerless to withdraw through that strait entry. At this moment the hunter sallies forth in chase, and away goes Master Howler dragging his burden with him, while his mortal enemy is in pursuit. Howler cannot climb with a fist so monstrously fettered and encumbered, so that he loses the shelter of the trees, and he cannot run very fast for the same reason. Every moment the hunter gains upon him. Why doesn't Howler let go his booty and save his carcass? See, the hunter is already raising the cudgel that will knock the life out of him; why doesn't the booby let go the sugar-box and redeem his life? No such thing! Howler has the darling sweets grasped in his palm: there is life and liberty on the one hand, and grim death on the other; but then the sweets are so sweet, he cannot, he will not let them go. No, he will hold on in spite of fate, and, lo! there comes fate in a downward blow of the cudgel, which knocks out his silly brains, and he is a gone Howler; his vocal performances are stopped for ever, and he is nothing henceforward but a piece of sun-dried junk, doomed to the kettle of some Indian squaw.

What a booby the Howler is, to be sure! Was there ever such another blockhead on the face of the earth?

Well, there are odd things, and silly things, and fatally foolish things observable nearer home than those South American forests; and we are not sure that the greed of the Howler, and the persistent tenacity with which he retains his prize, are without a parallel even among the "lords of the creation." Look at Plucker, for instance. Plucker stands high in the estimation of the world; his utterances, if not so loud as those of our quadrumanous friend, are far more oracular; he has counsel for all comers, under all circumstances, and he can clinch his counsel on all occasions with some traditional dogma from ancient lore, or even with some maxim from holy writ. He is a highly respected and an extensively trusted man. Perhaps if the charmed vessel of sweets had never come in his way, he and his sententious utterances had done no one harm; but it did come in his way, and Plucker has thrust his hand into it, and made so free with the contents that it would be hard indeed for him to relax his grasp. It is true he might let go were he so minded, and it would be by far the best thing he could do; and he knows that, for he sees what no one else sees: he catches dim vision of the vengeance stored up in the future, and is well assured that, sooner or later, it must burst upon him unless he relax his roguery and turn honest man. But then the stolen waters are so sweet, the bread in secret eaten is so delicious, that he cannot let go his hold upon them; he holds out, perhaps with some undefinable trust in the chapter of accidents, until at length the unavoidable explosion comes, and, while the victims of his greed are lost in the stupor of amazement, he disappears from the stage and is seen no more.

Or look at Buller. Buller it was who got up the Boomjee Banking Company, which got down so suddenly, as some of us are likely to remember, and left its bones to be picked clean by the lawyers, who performed the operation with such admirable tact that there was not even a microscopic residuum left for the unfortunate depositors. For some months before the bank started Buller was vocalizing at the top of half the newspaper columns in England; and he sang to such a fascinating tune that, when he thought fit to come down, he found a prodigious pot of sweets, all temptingly open, and inviting him to the pasture. What was to be expected but that, like the celebrated Horner, he should "put in his thumb and pull out a plum"? At any rate, that is what he did; for he assigned to himself shares to the value of exactly £100,000, and prudently realized the cash at a time when the buoyancy of the market had pushed them considerably above par. While the infant institution was struggling with the internal disorders to which all infants are liable, it was seen by those in the secret that, if Buller had come to its assistance, if he could have let go only a portion of the huge handful of sweets he had clutched for himself, it might have battled through and established a constitution. Buller saw it too, of course—saw that that was the only thing to be done; but then he couldn't do it. The impending ruin of the bank, the ruin which he could prevent if he chose, stared him in the face with all the hideous disgrace and infamy which it would heap upon him; but the sweets were in his palm, and he could not let them go; and down came the ruin and the infamy, and Buller, morally knocked on the head, was stripped of the sweets which he would not surrender, had to vanish from the walks of men, and his name is a by-word and a mock.

No necessity for more illustrations of this sort. Unhappily, modern commercial experience is too full of them

for them to present any novelty to the reader. Suppose, now, instead of going out of doors in search of parallelisms, we admit the Howler, for the nonce, into our own social and domestic circles, and see how we ourselves figure alongside of him. What shall we say of the A's, who have plunged their hands into the sugar-box of fashion and pretension, and drag the unwieldy burden about with them wherever they go, and, having an income of three or four hundred a year, want the world to believe that they have a thousand at least, and proclaim that lie by every outward act of their lives? Why do they persist in leading a false life, in appearing to be what they are not, and inflict on themselves the woes of poverty when they might be perfectly independent if they would but be content to walk on their proper level? Why don't they let go of the silly pretence which is a clog to them and a nuisance to their friends and well-wishers? Why not dismiss the footman and put down the pair of ponies, and walk honestly instead of riding roguishly? Why not? Because that would be to surrender the sweets, or what they senselessly imagine to be the sweets, of existence. Or what shall we say of the B's, who seem to live and breathe but for the sake of scraping together as much of the lucre of this world as they can manage to seize? Why do they sacrifice every other purpose of life to the one purpose of amassing wealth? Why don't they unclench their grasping fists, and let go occasionally of the money-bags, that they may lay hold of something better? But the sweets are so sweet, you see.

Leaving the A's and the B's, and the whole alphabet of illustrations that might be cited, let us look closer still, and see (if we have honesty and frankness sufficient) whether we do not stand in some relation to the Howler ourselves. In the case of every one of us there is some one thing that is dearer to us than anything else. What is that thing? Is it the right thing or the wrong thing? Ah, here is the grand consideration! We have got hold of something; our hands have grasped it, or are trying to grasp it, and the sweets of it are in all our thoughts. What is it? Is it a mere sensuous delight that is to minister only to our own pleasure? Or is it some more refined and intellectual, but still an utterly worldly aim and ambition? The devil knows how to suit his bait to every mind. There is some deadly weight, some besetting sin, which will prove dangerous to the soul, if held fast. Then we had better let it go; we shall never climb the heights with that sort of clog upon our movements. Lo! there is the grim hunter in the distance! He will assuredly be up with us and will ruin us for ever if we hold on. Then why not let it go?

THE IDLER ON THE RHINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

VI.

WE got into a second-class carriage at St. Goarshausen, and felt more than ever the advantage of avoiding the first, the soft cushions and red velvet of which are no gain when the thermometer stands at 80° in the shade. Many, if not most, of the German railways have four classes, in the grandest of which only very great or very foolish people sit. An acquaintance of mine hoped once to escape the tobacco-smoke of inferior company by travelling first-class here, but soon changed his mind; for, before he had ceased congratulating himself on having a solitary potentate, the cream of fashion, as his fellow-traveller, the baron, his aristocratic companion, brought out a pipe with a bowl as big as a

coffee-cup, and, pulling up the windows, nearly choked him. These German second-class carriages are very luxurious: with the exception of the red velvet cushions, our compartment was as good as the best in the train. The panels were gold and white, and there was plenty of height and leg-room.

Command me to a railway for seeing the country. I cannot sing in tune with those who cry out at the want of romance in a railway. Why, Don Quixote never conceived any such wild a charge as we can now make through a country! What was even Pegasus to an express train? If the scenery is poor, you are taken from it as fast as possible. If it is beautiful, you are charmed with a quick succession of fine views. By no ordinary conveyance can you stop long enough to enjoy the deliberate apprehension of a landscape. There are two ways of seeing a beautiful country: one by a sojourn, or at least a pause in some particular spot; the other by a passage through it. Now railway travelling gets you fastest from one resting-place to another, and so adds to the opportunities of calm exploration, and at the same time it gives you quite as true a general impression of the charms of a country as a slower mode of progress. Indeed, I think it heightens them: it heaps up its beauties one upon another so quickly that you take in the whole as a whole. Then, again, you are not wedged among a number of hot foreign fellow-travellers, but can stretch your legs and read your guide-book, if you will, in a manner impossible to the passengers by a diligence. You see rivers and valleys from viaducts far above the level to which you would have descended in a carriage; you are presented with fresh pictures on emerging from a tunnel; you have a pleasant air on the hottest day; you are pestered by no hangers-on for tips and the little extortions of any other public vehicle. I think these advantages of railway travelling may be well appreciated on the banks of the Rhine. You are sometimes nearly on a level with the river, and thus get much the same view as from a boat; then you rise higher, and look down upon it. It is true that you don't get all the scenery on both banks; but then you see the whole breadth of the stream.

The rock-skirted part of the Rhine is very much like itself everywhere; so I will not stop to describe the scenery between St. Goar and Bingen, after reaching which latter place the river takes a turn and opens out, having flat banks for some distance below Mayence. This turn in the river, however, is very valuable to the vine-growers on its right bank; for it looks to the south, and provides the Rheingau, the richest wine-district of the whole river, with the direct rays of the southern sun. Here are the most famous vintages, such as that of Johannisberg, which name figures on many a bottle of inferior drink. But it is a grand-looking word in a bill, and the man who orders it for dinner has the satisfaction, if not of drinking the real wine itself, yet of showing that he is willing to pay a large price for affecting to do so. The waiter does him reverence when he puts the bottle on the table, and yields him respect as to a real gentleman, while little folk like you and me, who order cheaper stuff, are set down among the common herd of tourists who are so mean as to consider the price of what they buy for their pleasure.

I think the object which attracts the most attention in the voyage up the river from St. Goar, above the Lurlie, is the Mouse Tower, where the legend says Bishop Hatto was devoured by rats. Our readers know the version of it in verse by Southey. The tower stands in the middle of the river, and was probably

used as a "maus," or "mauth," or "toll" house, whence the name by which it is known now. The horrible legend of Bishop Hatto may be taken as an expression of ill-will against tax-gatherers in general. Their nibblings at our income would be, to us, delightfully avenged by death under the teeth of an army of rats.

We intended to have got out at Assmanhausen, in order to ascend the Niederwald; but, though there were

We saw these places well enough from the windows of the railway carriage, and then, crossing some flatter country and leaving the river on our right, reached the white villas which mark the suburbs of Wiesbaden.

We drove to the hotel of "The Four Seasons," which we found to be showy and dear. It is very large, and the landlord is a grand gentleman. Our room was smart, with a good deal of velvet; but the beds were by



CAUB AND PFALZ.

donkeys with red trappings at the station ready, if we wished, to take us up, the sun was so glaring, and the road so dusty, that we took the view for granted, and went straight on to Wiesbaden. But, if you have temperate weather, you will find plenty of castles to explore and hills to climb before you leave the part of Rhine-land through which we were whisked in the train from St. Goarshausen. The most famous of these are the ruins of Schönburg, above Oberwesel, and Rheinstein, on the bank opposite Assmanhausen. This last, one of the oldest on the river, was rebuilt by Prince Frederick of Prussia, who was buried in 1863, in the chapel on the south side. It possesses a fine collection of old armour, etc., which is opened to the public for a small fee. There is also a building on a rock in the middle of the stream, above Caub, which is called the Pfalz, or Pfalzgrafenstein, something like the Castle of Chillon, though smaller, and it has been compared to a stone ship anchored in the Rhine. The story goes that the Count Palatine Conrad, enraged to find that his daughter had been, with her mother's connivance, secretly married, and that she had given birth to a child in this stronghold, passed a law that all future Countesses Palatine should repair to the castle to await their accouchements.

no means comfortable. The dinner was long, and absurdly pretentious. Three times, between the courses, girls came round trying to sell nosegays, and once our impatience was interrupted by another who hawked bills of the play. No doubt this covered the slowness of the meal; but there were several guests who snorted angrily at the third offer of flowers when they wanted something to eat, not to smell. I felt for the girl, a cripple, who pressed her bouquets upon us, and not improbably paid the master something for the privilege of entrance. I believe I bought one, she looked so piteous and disappointed. But the murmurs at the table were very plain and uncomplimentary. However, the pompous meal came to an end at last, and we went for a stroll about the town. They say that, when other places are hot, Wiesbaden is boiling hot, for its warm springs have been famous time out of mind. Pliny says that the waters here take three days to cool. This is an exaggeration; but the waste streams from the wells are said to be not only always unfrozen in winter, but to keep the part of the Rhine into which they are conducted free from ice. It seemed, when we idled about the place, that no winter could be long and severe enough to cool it. There is a staring gritty heat about the

roads and houses which seems as if it were applied from below as well as from above. Indeed, there are traces of active volcanic influence in the spring, which bubbles up at a temperature of about 150° Fahrenheit. Wiesbaden, however, is a very fashionable place, and some

all arose a buzz of emptiness. I don't know anything more depressing than a scene of this kind. It makes me tired and cross; and if I had not found some ducks in a piece of ornamental water hard by, full of rude health and natural greediness for scraps of biscuit, I



THE KURSAAL, WIESBADEN.

special potentate was added to the list of its grand visitors the evening we arrived. There were many Jews, mostly, I suppose, from Frankfort, and the crowd which paced slowly up and down outside of Kurhaus to hear the band play was dressed with smartness, if not with taste. This is not the place for the thick-shod, jacketed tourist. You see many, no doubt, in easy clothes and hats, but these are worn in defiance of the spirit of the spot, which is the feeble metropolis of fashionable small-talk. It is true that the great court folks who frequent these German watering-places often do some diplomatic business along with their pleasure, and many come to gamble seriously, of which more presently; but the conspicuous out-of-door feature of the place is dressy gossip. Hundreds were sipping coffee or eating ices in the evening air, while the rest sauntered up and down; but from

should have left the promenade with a sense of unredeemed frivolity. But the ducks, who were quite superior to band-music and crinoline, gobbled and stuck their ends up out of water, while they groped for sunken victuals with a delicious sincerity of purpose which set off the listless air of the fashionable crowd. Even the gambling-house, which we next visited, showed an evil zest which aroused attention, while it exhibited a saddening sight. We stood some time by the tables, and saw some high play. The scene is so striking, and has been so often and so well described, that I will not dwell upon it. The eager looks of some who have laid down their stakes, while they wait for the hopping little ball to settle on the colour which will decide their luck, the staid composure of the regular gamesters, and the profound indifference of the "croupiers," who spin the fatal ball,

and rake up or pay out notes, gold, and silver on the smooth gas-lit green cloth, form a picture which no words can ever thoroughly paint. It is familiar enough to thousands who, like ourselves, idle through these German watering-places when they visit the Rhine; but the deep-grained wickedness of the whole scene, with all its by-play of cunning, greediness, and disappointment, reveals itself only to those who stand by with long silent observation. Rightly are these gambling-houses called "hells." How often the voice of the people thus proclaims itself to be the voice of God! I was deeply struck, though I had visited these places divers times before, with the utter "devilry" of the concern. There was no loud and passionate display of feeling—people do not often wring their hands, or faint, or blow their brains out publicly, when they are ruined—but there were faces there which looked curses, and tight-shut mouths which spoke as loudly of wicked gain or loss as if they had shouted out their winnings or defeats. Some put down their money with ostentatious boldness; others timidly, slipping in between those who lined the table, or waiting till the ball was just going to stop before they made their venture. Then, like as with eager naughty boys in the street, who check their wrangling while the halfpence are up in the air, there is a dead pause, and the least perceptible spasm of emotion in the circle of faces as the stationary ball becomes the focus of a hundred eyes.

On, from morning till late into the night, the cruel ball hops, now into one, now into another niche in the twirling wheel. The "croupiers" are changed, but the rim of successive gamesters still stands or sits around the table, glaring at the turns of luck; some gliding off in silent vexation, some flushed with evil gain, but always having their places filled up with fresh fools and rogues. Meanwhile the landlords lay on their bills, and the band plays, and the sun stares, and sensible people like you and me make up their minds to go.

But, before we went, we visited a wholer scene, the Kochbrunnen, at six o'clock the next morning. No; it was half-past five. This Kochbrunnen is the chief hot well at Wiesbaden, and is approached by a long covered arcade, at right angles to which there is another. In these the drinkers walk and sip. They need sip, for the water fresh drawn from the spring is boiling hot. A cloud of steam hangs over the place, where, in a stone basin, you may see the healing draughts bubble up fresh from the kitchen fire of mother earth. Girls stand round the brink and dip the expectant mugs, handing them briskly back to a little mob of invalids, who then toddle up and down, sipping and chattering to the music of some fiddles, which are played in a little covered recess on one side of the arcade. There is an air of absurdity in the sight which is not destroyed by the obvious earnestness and faith of these health-seekers. They are of all classes and ages. Pale little girls, battered old gluttons, aldermen, officers, peasants, matrons, but all with glasses in their hands, pace backwards and forwards waiting for the water to cool, and then holding them out to the presiding nymphs of the spring for another go. The Kochbrunnen is the antipode of "hell." One dispenses life and spirits, the other disease. The same people often frequent both, sipping a little in the morning, gambling a little in the afternoon.

The waters are drunk principally for gout, rheumatism, etc., and are said to be very efficacious. I should think that the getting up in the morning and taking a walk must have a great deal to do with the good they bestow upon the drinkers.

Having taken a glass of the water and a few turns

with the stream of patients, we walked back to the hotel of "The Four Seasons," ate our breakfast, and ordered our bill, and a cab to the station. The bill was outrageous. Despite of the name of the hotel, there is really but one profitable season at Wiesbaden to the innkeepers. They try to crowd the gains of a whole year into a few months, and probably succeed, for Wiesbaden flourishes.

But our cab, or rather open one-horse fly, is at the door, and we must be off. The driver, who was kindly feeding his beast with slices of coarse brown bread which he cut with a pocket-knife, slipped the bit into his horse's mouth again, put away the loaf under his seat, shut his knife, and drove off with much whip-cracking and many encouraging addresses to his animal.

We went to Mainz by rather a crowded railway, and, before we get there, I may as well set down a resolution we made on the road; and that was not to visit Baden. We said to one another that we had had enough of these fashionable watering-places already; and, although a conscientious Idler on the Rhine ought, of course, to see Baden, yet I must plead guilty to passing by its station when we travelled from Heidelberg to Schaffhausen. It is very pretty—any one can learn that from noticing its situation from the window of the railway carriage—but we heard that it was cram full. We knew that it was about the most fashionable of all these German gambling towns; and so I shall venture to dish up a few words about it at second-hand, and then have done with the place altogether.

Baden, as I have said, is very prettily situated: it lies among the spurs of the Taunus range of mountains, and possesses a number of pleasant walks among wooded hills, which are reached immediately from the town, which nestles in the midst of them. It has many, some dozen, hot springs, and divers gaming-tables, and, from its beauty and its vice, may be called the "paradise of hells." But simple lovers of scenery, fresh from the flats, may enjoy themselves much here when the place is not too crowded. The hill-tops, which climb up into the range which is honestly composed of mountains, show an endless supply of healthy rambles, while the cooler air which fans them provides a relief you may seek in vain at boiling Wiesbaden. There are, moreover, castles or palaces to explore, one of which is famous for its dungeons and *oubliettes*.

A long course of years has gone by since the wretched accused were taken into that secret hall of torture, whence their shrieks could not reach the ear of friends outside, but where they yelled and struggled till they fell with a great cry into the well set with cutting wheels and spikes, when there was a rumble of machinery, a last shout of pain, and then the trap-door was shut down, all was still, and the "judges" went home to dinner.

There was an image of the Virgin in the torture-hall of the Schloss at Baden which the wretches were forced to kiss; then the floor opened, and they fell among the revolving wheels set with knives. There was another famous image, I forget this moment in what town, but in Germany, which opened like the doors of a wardrobe when it was kissed, and, being furnished with spikes inside, hugged the prisoner to death. Execution by this was called the "maiden's kiss." I think, by the way, that it was at Nuremberg, in Bavaria, this cruel maiden lived—or at least that the unwilling victims of her power died.

The image in the dungeons of the Schloss, at Baden, did not open, it seems, but the prisoner simply fell through the floor into the *oubliettes*, as soon as his lips touched the deadly mouth.

Ay, those were awful days; but there are traps in

the place now. In the "hells" of Baden there is many a dismal crushing of the heart's life, though the business is done politely, and the soul of a man is stabbed to the quick instead of his body.

BRIÇONNET, BISHOP OF MEAUX.

Of all classes of character, perhaps history deals most hardly with the timid and time-serving; for there is something more contemptible in the emotion of fear than in any other which influences the actions of men. The physical coward gets favour slight enough at the hands of the chronicler; but the moral coward is visited with even more opprobrium—his flinching can never be condoned; unless, indeed, he earn for himself an unwilling meed of subsequent pardon, by some act of daring or endurance which would set up another man as a hero.

Among those who have quailed before the prospect of loss, and pain, and death was the French bishop whose name stands at the head of this paper, Guillaume Briçonnet, Count de Montbrun. We hear of him very frequently in the earlier and halcyon days of the French Reformation, when yet that great movement (hardly distinguished at first from the revival of letters) basked in the sunshine of royal approbation, when kings seemed disposed to be its nursing-fathers, and queens its nursing-mothers. But clouds gather over the scene, and the darkness of storm is only relieved by the lurid light of martyrs' pyres, and the episcopal figure which was foremost in fair weather retires and is seen no more. He is scarcely to be called an apostate: he was simply a weak man, fallen from the faith.

His father was a cardinal, who did not enter the church until the death of his wife; and, being a nobleman of large territorial influence, he rapidly gained the highest sacerdotal distinctions, filling two archbishoprics successively. His son Guillaume inherited vast wealth and an ancient title, and a career of politics or of arms was expected from him. But the young man was studious and serious; he soon tired of the frivolities of court life, and sought to take orders as a priest. He was elevated to the see of Meaux after a very short probation, and went to Rome as Ambassador Extraordinary from Louis XII to the Pope Leo X.

His experience of the capital of the church did not increase his veneration for its heads, and he came back to France prepared to appreciate the religious movement just then beginning, which was founded on the new discovery that the Word of God contained all things necessary for salvation. He had represented his nation at two general councils, those of Pisa and the Lateran, and heard many a wrangle over the ceremonial husks of the truth: here was the truth itself brought to light, perchance! At first the bishop doubted, and learned the reformed tenets only in order to controvert them, as he thought, especially in his own diocese, where various humble men were going about teaching—the originators of those blessed Christians called commonly the "Christaudins" of Meaux, and who were prolific in martyrs afterwards. But when Briçonnet opened the Bible his pious spirit soon recognised that here was something for which he had long been looking—entire salvation, without money and without price. "I am in darkness," he said, "waiting the grace of the Divine goodness;" but soon he had to add, as the rays of truth flashed upon his soul, "All eyes together are not enough to receive the light of this sun." It was indeed a new revelation to him, buried in the night of sixteenth century superstition.

As he read on, his knowledge increased, and his love of it increased. "The savour of Divine food is so sweet," he writes, "that it renders the mind insatiable; the more one tastes, the more one desires it." Thus he expressed himself in a letter to the Duchess d'Alençon, the celebrated Margaret of Navarre, who mainly to his instructions owed her earliest knowledge of the Reformed doctrines, and who was guided by him for many a year in the path of scriptural truth.

Briçonnet had great opportunities of carrying out his new convictions, and publishing his new faith. Eloquent and learned, with an imposing presence and courtly address, he was the chosen preacher before the king and royal family of France. Louisa of Savoy listened to him when she would listen to nobody else; that imperious and able woman, mother and prime counsellor of Francis I, seemed softened by his sermons. She is said to have remembered them on her deathbed, however little her ambition and unscrupulousness permitted her to act on them during her lifetime. She was even won over to consent to read the Bible, and accepted a sumptuously illuminated copy of the epistles of St. Paul, translated by the bishop, from his hands. "Therein is meat for a king," said he, "flattering without corrupting, and healing from all maladies." But the influence of the truth over her lasted no longer than the neighbourhood of her pious daughter Margaret.

The Bishop of Meaux had also his diocese, in which to work at spreading the faith he would once have destroyed. He began by a careful visitation of its various churches, and found that in the mere externals of things there was shameful disorder. Nearly all the parish priests spent their lives in amusement at Paris; and out of the one hundred and twenty-seven curates left as their delegates, Briçonnet could approve but of fourteen when he came to examine them. He convoked a synod of his clergy, and enforced ecclesiastical discipline as strongly as he could, which was the source of much hatred for him from the idle and dissolute.

Then he projected the establishment of a college of theology in his city of Meaux, where learned and worthy pastors could be trained under his own care. Many of the reformed found refuge here as teachers, which was also an article of accusation against their protector afterwards.

The bishop was not unprepared for opposition. Writing to the Duchess d'Alençon, he says, "The gracious Jesus tells us in his gospel that he came to send war on the earth, and also fire, the great fire that transforms earthliness into divinity. But the war is led by love. Whoso fights in person is sure of victory, but often he falls who fights by proxy." It is instructive to find him whose fall was subsequently so signal exhorting the braver and more steadfast Margaret to perseverance and constancy in the faith. His letters did indeed sustain her in many a trying position; though they are not such letters as would much influence a modern reader. They are full of tropes and metaphors, often spun out to the extreme of weariness and obscurity. Ten or twelve pages of symbolism would tire the greatest lover of allegory. One instance is recorded where, in some letter to the bishop, "Margaret unguardedly used the image of 'a flame' to illustrate her meaning. Briçonnet hastens to send her in reply *thirty-six* closely written pages, throughout which he does nothing but fluctuate with ludicrous perseverance between dissertations on fire, heat, torrents, and the breath of life, which shall kindle the flaming fire of faith;" ending his epistle with something about a desert. Margaret takes up that idea in her turn, even while evidently complaining

of the superabundance and obscurity of her friend's parabolic language. "The poor wanderer cannot understand the good which is to be found in the desert, for lack of knowing that she is benighted there. I pray you that in this desert, out of affection and pity, you will not hasten forwards so swiftly that you cannot be followed;" and so on. At another time the bishop writes her a letter descending on pearls, round and pear-shaped, perfect and imperfect, spiritualizing all, of course; Margaret's name in Spanish meant "a pearl." She in her reply begs that he "will not forget to intercede on behalf of that imperfect, ill-shapen, and counterfeit pearl" herself. When she writes to him concerning the death of the much-beloved Queen of France, and ends with the expression, "Je vous départs de mon gâteau," meaning (in figure and in proverb) that she shared her sorrow with the bishop, he takes this unfortunate allusion as the theme of his lucubrations, and goes through the whole process of manufacturing the cake of tribulation. He says, "it was compounded of tares, ground in the mill of vexation and weariness of spirit, kneaded with cold water in the trough of faithless and disobedient presumption, baked in the oven of self-love, the eating of which cake has been a snare." Was ever a letter of condolence penned comprising less consolation?

Yet, when a little princess of France died, Briçonnet escapes for a time from the meshes of his figurative speech, and says, "Blessed is that death which gives us peace, and brings repose after the labour and torment of the world! Madame Charlotte can alone be mourned by those who have not the fear of God before their eyes, or who do not desire her best welfare, blinded by self-love and their attachment to things terrestrial." Again he writes, "Madame, you ask me to pity you because you live alone. I understand not that phrase. Whoso lives in the world and has his heart there is lonely, forasmuch as he has too many and ill companions. Pity I cannot the solitude which is with Christ; it is more to be esteemed than the whole world, from which I am persuaded that God's love has saved you."

This correspondence with the Bishop of Meaux was one of the chief comforts of Margaret of Navarre's religious life. He was her friend and counsellor in matters public and private; she looked up to him as the head of the Reformation movement in France. But he had not the dauntless spirit required from a leader: of this he was himself conscious. He sometimes asks her for her prayers, to awaken his slumbering soul. For years there was but little appearance of slumber about his actions. "Briçonnet," says the historian, "cheered on, inspected, and guided all the work of the gospel in his city. His fortune equalled his zeal: never did man make a more noble use of his wealth. The pious teachers of Paris, transferred to Meaux, acted thenceforth with new freedom. There was an emancipation of speech, and great was the stride then made by the Reformation." From Meaux came forth the first French Testament (joint work of Briçonnet and Lefèvre), and the first French Psalter. The artisans of the town studied these books with enthusiasm. Another historian says, "The carders, and fullers, and combers took no other recreation as they worked with their hands than to confer regarding the Word of God, or to comfort themselves in the same."

Seen from the opposite side, the conduct of Briçonnet was most reprehensible. A Franciscan friar records, in his contemporary "Catholic History," that Lefèvre, aided by the renown of his learning, contrived so to wheedle and circumvent Messire Guillaume Briçonnet

by his plausible talking, that he caused him to flounder grievously out of the way: so that it has since been impossible to rid the city and diocese of Meaux of that wicked doctrine up to this day. It was great pity of the subversion of that good bishop, who till then had been so devoted to God and the Virgin Mary."

The monks of Meaux were the first to take the alarm; for they felt the consequences of the new doctrines in the gradual emptiness of their wallets, and the abatement of popular respect. They hastened with a complaint to the bishop, who had little sympathy for them, and even preached a sermon wherein he stigmatized the majority of them as hypocrites. They appealed to the ecclesiastical authorities of the capital, who decreed the arrest of the reformed teachers at Meaux, and summoned the bishop to clear himself from a charge of heresy. Before he went to Paris, a sort of premonitory misgiving as to his own firmness seems to have filled his soul; he ascended the cathedral pulpit, and warned the people to avoid all teachers who would take from them the Scriptures. "Even though I, your bishop, your appointed guide, were to change my language and my doctrine, beware you of changing like me." Thus for the last time he published the truth. What was the surprise and consternation of the reformed in his diocese to hear, a short space afterwards, that he, their spiritual guide, the translator of their Scriptures, had issued his episcopal mandate, interdicting all pulpits under his jurisdiction to the principal reformers, by name, and expelling them from his city!

He is said to have had a torturing struggle between his principles and his fears; and doubtless he suffered far more in the concession than a bolder spirit would in daring all consequences. It was as the fainting of a standard-bearer among the French Christians; and the voice which it had for them was that old warning voice from Inspiration, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Briçonnet nevertheless had a season of revival in his zeal for the truth. An old ms. of the times relates how he went about his diocese in the year 1524, in company with his former friend and first instructor Lefèvre, for the purpose of burning the images in the churches. Likewise did he preach against the prominent Romish errors, and refute divers monks who upheld them. These were but the flickerings of an expiring enthusiasm. The Parliament of Paris issued an edict at the close of 1525, commanding that the bishop should be privately interrogated by two members of a Commission of Inquiry, "touching the things whereof he was accused by the Sorbonne;" and immediately the soul of Briçonnet quailed within him.

Not without cause. These officers of the Parliament could consign him, without appeal, to the stake, if they so willed it. And was he prepared to give up all his patrimonial wealth, his hierarchical splendours, his abundant portion of the good things of this world, for popular execration and an agonizing death? We, safe in the nineteenth century, cannot wonder that he hesitated. He tried divers means of escape from the dread dilemma, demanded his privilege, as both a temporal and spiritual peer, to be heard before the assembled chambers of Parliament, appealed to his former friends, the Régente Louisa of Savoy and the Chancellor Duprat, and, above all, to Margaret of Navarre. Nothing could be done; for political reasons he must be sacrificed if he did not recant.

Plausible arguments were not wanting to persuade him to the latter course. Certain Lutherans in Alsacia

were just then making havoc of property and defying constituted rule; this was pointed out to him as the natural result of the new doctrines carried to an extreme. He had always avowed it as his chief principle to submit to the authority of the Church in all matters of faith, to reform the Church by inward working, not by outward opposition. Besides, what might he not do if he continued a bishop and noble of the realm? He would still have influence at court to protect his friends the Reformers, and to spread their doctrines by a subtle undercurrent of endeavour. These last were the insidious suggestions of the tempter to his own weak soul.

He recanted. He assembled a synod of his clergy, wherein he condemned the books of Luther, which before he had approved. He advised the invocation of saints, which before he had suppressed. As a penance and a pledge of submission, he marched in a solemn procession on the day of Corpus Christi, with the utmost devotion, through the streets of his city, where he had so often proclaimed the worthlessness of all such ceremonials.

Degradation enough this for any man! Thenceforth he was harassed by espionage, being an unceasing object of suspicion to his ecclesiastical superiors. Both parties shunned and distrusted him. He had believed that he could outwardly obey error, and inwardly hold the truth; but never had his soul peace under the mitre which it had cost him so much to retain.

We have one glimpse of him thereafter in the cell of a poor Christian named Denis, who was condemned for having affirmed that "to desire to be reconciled with God by means of a mass is to deny our Saviour's passion." The bishop was requested to do his utmost to convert him back again to Romish views. Briçonnet's taskmasters had a pleasure in putting him to do such repugnant work as this. He uttered the argument which had had power with himself, "If you retract, we will set you at liberty, and you shall have a yearly pension."

"What!" exclaimed the martyr, "would you be so base as to urge me to deny my God?" Briçonnet departed without another word—departed to his palace and his episcopal grandeur, while the resolute confessor, a few days afterwards, was fastened to a balanced pole, and, by a refinement of cruelty, hoisted in and out of the fire, till he died in lingering agony, calling on the name of God.

About 1530, Calvin, then in the opening of his career, made an attempt to revive Briçonnet's old faith, and persuade him to patronise the preachers of the gospel. The young reformer believed that the Bishop of Meaux still loved the truth in his heart, and that he could draw from him some testimony to that effect; but Briçonnet's lesson, as to the necessity of external orthodox, had been too severe, and he repelled all Calvin's advances. What a tyrant is Fear! This good but timid nature was kept in harshest thralldom by it for the few remaining years of life; and we are tempted to say (merely on temporal grounds), better the short, fierce anguish of martyrdom than the slow consuming of mental torture, which must be the portion of him who is false to his religious convictions.

Briçonnet died in 1533, in obscurity and repentance. One person remembered his ardent profession of faith, and his humiliating fall, with tender compassion; it was she whose heart he had first taught concerning the truth of God—Margaret, Queen of Navarre. They were alike in some things, this pupil and preceptor: both were imbued with sincere love for the truth, yet both shrank from its public confession because of the fear of men.

THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "THE FEEBOL FAMILY," ETC.
CHAPTER VII.—JOE'S PROPENSITIES.

It certainly could not be of the least consequence to Mr. Lombard that his *protégé*, Joe Rickaby, should about this epoch spend all his leisure hours at the Liverpool quays and docks, and strike up friendships with sailors. For a boy of his humble station a seafaring life might do very well, and for a boy of his temperament it seemed somehow a natural outlet for restless spirits.

And there was nothing in all busy Liverpool to attract Joe so much as the forest of masts and the crowded thoroughfare of the Mersey. He was being educated on the landing-stages and wharves far more rapidly than at school, which, to say the truth, he hated. How he became a very water-dog in aquatic matters, and a very monkey among rigging, and an adept in nautical phrases, he could not himself have told. These things were his glory and his joy. Was any life so enviable as a sunburnt sailor's? Joe learned faithfully to imitate the defects of his model. He made himself sick with trying to smoke and to chew tobacco. The sailors amused themselves with this bright, bold boy. Many a lesson they taught him, from which Joe's mother (had he one) would have guarded him as from a pestilence. Thus was Joe Rickaby being educated.

Mr. Chippen was far too much occupied in selling his slate-pencils and spelling-books to heed the boy. The longer he was absent from the premises the better. Nothing kept him quiet at home but some wild and wonderful book of adventure, such as might be found among the aged volumes on the shelves, by close search. Once found (and the finding had the excitement as of a discovery by Captain Cook), the precious book was read and re-read a score of times, with Joe's strong hair in a perfectly erect state, from running his fingers through it in his ecstatic absence of mind. He would arise to utter a yell for the purpose of letting off steam occasionally, or bound towards the ceiling with the same object.

"Deary me!" would be the placid interjection of the old lady who was knitting the socks, when such a parlour convulsion broke in on her day-dreamings of her distant son's greatness. "What's come to the boy?" It was an inquiry never answered, for Joe was already chin-deep in the next page of the "Narrative of Sir Edward Seaward," or "Cook's Voyages," or whatever other volume enthralled him at the time. And, as regards all the other literature in Mr. Chippen's shop, he would rather have enjoyed blowing it up on Guy Fawkes' day.

The old lady used to look at him over her spectacles with curiosity. He was so different from her Ralph. Those were not the sort of books her Ralph had fancied. He had made himself a superb arithmetician in the evenings. He had never cared for romances and stuff; but hard at the foundation of learning had he laboured. Was not his writing the most beautiful ever seen? and his letters—nothing in all English literature came up to those terse compositions, in his mother's eyes. All honour to Ralph Lombard! On the unwasted hours of his boyhood he had built up a manhood of success. But poor Joe was a very different boy. He snatched at whatever enjoyment was offered him by the passing moment, and never thought of the future at all: until very lately, when he had seen it through a haze of masts and rigging. And what did that signify, or his bad habits either, for a boy of his humble station? The old lady did not know that when he came home of evenings particularly good, and amenable, and affectionate,

he had been probably learning or doing something particularly bad. She was not aware that his chosen friend and tutor was Bill Swab, a villainous-looking sailor, with one eye and a lame leg (owing his damages to drunken rows), who honoured Mr. Lombard's ward by making him a sort of tout and carrier. What a fascination had this grimy, foul-mouthed mariner for poor Joe? Because he could talk of a score of countries over the water, north, south, east, west, and tell stories of wreck and danger, of fights with savages, of pirates, niggers, Malays, what not; because he had a blue tatooing on his arm and breast, executed by a veritable New Zealander (or he said so, but it could have been just as well embossed with gunpowder in the environs of Sheerness), and which seemed the finest work of art that Joe's eyes had ever rested on. What would not Joe perform for the man possessed of such varied accomplishments, and who condescended to take special notice of himself?

True, the notice vouchsafed was rather of a menial nature; and when Bill Swab was in a gruff humour, it was nothing at all. His young satellite knew that he was in a good humour when he despatched him for a pot of porter or a "pennorth of grass-cut," and Joe's feet had wings for the errand on behalf of his hero.

He had just ministered to Mr. Swab in some such way, and was sitting on a keg at his feet watching him light his pipe, when a gentleman crossing the wharf suddenly saw the pair, and started slightly. Joe's hands were clasped about his knee as he gazed up at his friend's well-whiskered, and seamed, and particularly unlovely countenance. He never saw the eyes that were fixed on himself with the old glance of aversion and distrust. Mr. Swab was in the outset of some story. He was becalmed off Mozambique, or nearing the Gulf, or rounding the Horn, when—

"Joe, come with me!" broke upon the ears of his auditor, in very different accents from Mr. Swab's. The boy's bold brown face actually blanched as he turned round quickly, letting go his knee. Mr. Lombard was already walking away; after an instant's hesitation, Joe got off his keg and followed, despite Bill Swab's "Yo ho, my hearty! heave to, will yer?" which would at other times have acted as a charm to arrest his steps.

"Wonder who's the swell," he added, mentally; and determined to pump Joe on the subject when next he saw him. "Took in tow reg'lar, like a row-boat after a tug!"

Mr. Lombard stopped as soon as they met a cab. "Get in," said he, vouchsafing a glance to Joe for the first time; "you may as well have a ride home." And then he did not say another word, but looked abstractedly out of the left-hand window until they were close on Little Primrose Street.

"Sailor's a friend of yours, I suppose?" with an oblique look.

"Yes," answered Joe, greatly relieved to find no hurricane of wrath bursting on him; and yet somewhat ashamed to own to the friendship in this particular presence. Bill Swab's perfections did not shine very brightly in Mr. Lombard's eyes, he felt; and somehow they had diminished even in his own.

"A ruffianly-looking person," observed the gentleman, quietly—still as if to somebody outside the left-hand window. "One eye knocked out in a quarrel, I should say, and the other that of a drunkard. But a friend of yours do you say?"

It was not uttered in the least of a satirical manner, but simply as if an acknowledged description of the subject. Joe twisted himself awry on the leatheren cushion of the cab, and felt very hot as another "Yes"

was wrung from him. Mr. Lombard's next words were, "Get out." He had carefully kept himself from touching the lad; and now drew farther into the off corner, until the cab was emptied of Joe, and he could step after without contamination.

Greatly to the boy's surprise, the evening passed without any allusion to Bill Swab, or any censure of himself. Joe was very subdued, and pleased to find that his guardian (so we may call Mr. Lombard) took no notice of him whatever. He carved out a boat with the stump of an old case-knife, where he sat in a corner of the room. He had a consultation with himself as to whether it should be rigged as a sloop or a brig. Sometimes, softly whistling, he would suspend operations to gaze at Mr. Lombard for full five minutes. From his corner he had a profile view of the solid square face, with its strongly-marked immobile features.

Joe had been sent to bed. It was in a garret at the top of the house, whence he had moonlight views of undulating tiles and strange-shaped chimney-pots. His boat was not finished, and he calculated that his end of candle would just allow light enough for the proper modelling of the keel, which was a matter of far more importance than an hour of sleep. The universal wreck of a miniature dockyard seemed to have occurred in this apartment. Half-finished Leviathans lay about; hulls fully three feet long, which had unfortunately proved devoid of the needful quality of floating, except on one side, and consequently were thrown by. Cock-boats of cork, punts of walnut-shell, gallant barges rigged anomalously with packthread, unfinished blocks and bowsprits, plenty of raw material, in the shape of rough bits of timber, one or two precious broken tools, lay about in that disorder which is so delightful to a boy, and which Duster, the maid, connived at for the love of Joe.

He was thoroughly engrossed with his handiwork at first, accompanying every chip with the sibilant motion of his lips. Then thoughts of what was going on downstairs began to intrude. "They're talking about me below, I'll bet. Wouldn't it be the primest lark to steal down and hear what they're at?"

The old knife dropped with his hand on his knee. Chances of detection were the only consideration to withhold Joe; he had never learned any principle of honour about eavesdropping. During his minute of rumination, the candle-wick suddenly sank through its circle of grease, and Joe was in the dark.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. LOMBARD'S DREAD.

The boy was right: they were talking about him downstairs.

"But, Ralph, it wouldn't be such a bad life for him, as he has such a fancy for it, if he was regularly apprenticed and took care of. He'll never do good at books, that's one thing," observed the old lady.

"He shall never be a sailor," was the decisive response.

Mr. Lombard was walking up and down the room, his hands in his pockets (in which familiar attitude an artist painted him once, as being characteristic), his head rather sunk on his chest.

"I'll take him away with me to-morrow," said Mr. Lombard, "to some school, if I can find one suited to his station; he shall never be a sailor."

Mr. Chippen had gone to bed some time ago, by the remnants of daylight, as he always did (except in mid-winter) to save candles. Only the mother and son were together.

"Ralph, dear," she began, a little hesitatingly, "hasn't this boy any relations that would do for him? It ain't

fair to have him all down upon you, an' sich a charge on your mind. I'm sure if he was yer own brother——”

“Mother,” he broke in, “what nonsense you are talking!” Something half-scared was in his face as she looked up. “The boy has no relations; I thought I told you that the night I brought him here, twelve years ago, and often since. He has no one in the wide world to look after him, or take an interest in him, but myself.”

“An' you don't love him much, Ralph!” she responded, with a little hard laugh.

“I own that I don't like the boy; I fear he will not turn out well. There is something wild and untameable about him.” The gentleman paused, and resumed his walk. “One generally sees it in these waifs and strays of society.”

“Well, Ralph, I think if you took him over to your place, and made him an errand boy, or something like that; he would be under yer own eye.”

“Impossible; it would never do. But he cannot be left here, that's certain.”

A turn or two in silence, while the shining needles clicked softly.

“I can't say but what I'm fond of poor Joe,” said the old lady, in an apologetic tone. “He's wild and he's passionate, but a quiet word or a kind word has him good in a minute. There ain't no badness really in his temper, though of course he goes crooked, like all young things of odd times. Ah, but it's awful for a child to be left an orphan at the age he was! Don't I remember the night you brought him in, a pretty lamb just toddlin', an' dressed so beautiful in his black clothes. But nobody can have the natur' of the father and mother, if they was to try ever so. Yet I can't say but I'm fond of poor Joe!” And again she looked apologetically at her mighty son, as one who felt it a presumption to have any feeling in which he did not share.

Mr. Lombard wiped his forehead, though the evening was not warm.

“Them heats are a great sign of weakness, Ralph,” said the watchful mother. “I hope you attend to your nourishment, and take a new-laid egg, beat up with a drop of brandy, as I told you,” she added, gazing anxiously at the stalwart frame, concerning which weakness would be the last thing predicated.

Suddenly he flung open the door. His keen hearing had detected a slight but inexplicable creaking the moment previously; and thus he captured Joe in the fact.

The man quivered and blazed with passion. “You false hound!” was hissed between his teeth, as he struck the boy a terrible blow. Joe was on the point of striking fiercely in return, until he found that, with a great cry, his mother had worked herself between them.

“Oh, Ralph, Ralph, don't kill him!”

Joe was got upstairs. The key was turned in his lock outside, and consigned to Mr. Lombard's pocket. Duster, the maid, sobbed herself to sleep an hour afterwards, with channels of tears whitened on her smutty cheeks, having first comforted herself by an earnest whisper through the keyhole, “Don't you be down-hearted, Joe, boy. It'll be your turn yet;” likewise by shaking her fist with great vengefulness towards Mr. Lombard's quarters.

And Joe: he sat for a long time curled up on his pallet bed, perfectly tearless, though smarting with the blow he had got.

“I wish I could ha' got at his face,” thought Joe, with the disfiguring instinct of weakness. “But he's a sight bigger than me. So I'm never to be a sailor; an' I'm to be took to school to-morrow. We shall see, though; there's two words in that bargain.”

He paused, while unconnected ideas of escape floated through his mind. Escape—to what? Oh, the happiness of a sailor's life! its adventures, and even its misfortunes! How magnificent a hero did Bill Swab appear! He had been in a pirate prison at Tunis, and wrenched a bar from a window, and dropped down some fabulous depth into the sea.

Joe scrambled (with much soreness) to his own window, and raised the rickety sash. Unfortunately the safe sea was not beneath, but pointed railings, on which he might be impaled, belonging to a sunk area of the next house. “No go,” he muttered, as he looked at the long distance to the street. “But I'll not be took to school to-morrow, for all that. If 'twas only to spite him, I'll be a sailor.”

The bright May moon looked down from her high heaven into many a garret window over broad Liverpool that night. Scarce did she behold a sadder sight than this boy's face, gazing up from his lair on the broken sill with an expression of joint defiance and misery. And a mother might have been so proud of that undaunted spirit! and, instead of that young brain seething and burning with resentment and bitter passions, it might have been trained to all noble and good impulses. Poor Joe!

When he raised his head from that broken sill, the place was wet with tears. Never had he felt so lonely, so desolate. No person in the wide world that had a right to care about him! Why was he not like the poorest boy of his acquaintance, rich in parents and a home?

Mr. Lombard had erred in his epithet. Joe was no hound, who would take the unjust thrashing and lick the hand afterwards, as if it had been just. He knew in his soul that that cruel blow was merely an impulse of blind hate, and immensely severer than his offence could have merited.

“An' 'twas he brought me here; a little un, drest beautiful in black. Wonder where he got me. Jack Sims wasn't so far out when he said I was a foundlin' and a charity boy.”

He looked out again. Somehow the distance to the pavement seemed less; and then he perceived, shining in a line from the tiles to the street, passing within a foot or two of his garret, the metal shoot which carried off the rain, fastened at short intervals by strong iron holdfasts. What did he care for the break-neck nature of the enterprise? A lad of his sort can never see danger. Besides, had he not more than once come down from the very main-sky-sail to deck by a rope, hand over hand?

And so it came to pass that, next morning, Duster whispered encouragement through the keyhole into an apartment devoid of Joe. And at breakfast-time he was missing; likewise his best clothes. The poor little wrecked ships were all lying about; but his scant treasures, the broken chisel and pointless case-knife, were gone also. And the old yellow “History of Sir Edward Seaward,” over which Mr. Chippens was inclined to raise a howl of loss, until reminded that the book had been duly paid for and given as a Christmas-box by his sister to the errant Joe.

The old lady shed tears. She scarcely knew before how much she had cared about the troublesome warm-hearted boy. Mr. Lombard turned a shade paler, and merely said that, with the help of the police, he did not doubt having Joe in safe keeping ere evening. He went away at once to set them on the search; and also on search for a one-eyed sailor, with a lame leg, well known on the wharf where he had seen the pair.

As for poor Duster, her eyes were marvels of redness.

She received warning from her mistress for incautious and strongly condemnatory language concerning Mr. Lombard, whereupon she tossed her head and flounced her tail, and said "she 'oped missus would get suited with some one that didn't mind seeing blessed children made galley-slaves and black negroes of." Away she went defiantly to "make up" the runaway's room, and shed tears enough to lay the dust over the mockeries of ships.

Mr. Lombard was busy all day with detectives and other like personages. He kept within doors himself at his hotel, perhaps owing to an injured hand, which he nursed a good deal, and kept wrapt up in a handkerchief. It was badly bruised; by an accident, he said.

That day, and the next, he waited for tidings. His usually equable temper was much troubled when none came. It had only been ascertained that the one-eyed sailor had shipped aboard a barque bound for New York, which dropped down the Mersey, with the tide, early in the morning of the earliest day of search.

Thereupon Mr. Lombard wrote a few lines to a correspondent in New York, which would travel by ocean steamer, of course, and arrive long before the sailing-vessel. But there was no proof that Joe was on board, and the police received instructions not to relax their vigilance. Descriptions of him were circulated among the force elsewhere. Meanwhile Mr. Lombard (troubled in his mind still) plunged afresh into his Lethe.

What a deadness settled over the little bookshop when Joe had been withdrawn! Duster declared that "she wouldn't live in it; no not for a hunder million a year and find herself." Her only comfort seemed to be in frequent "makings-up" of Joe's deserted room, and jealous guarding of the cork cock-boats, etc. Mr. Chippen, she was aware, would have lit the fire with them. One of the Leviathan hulls (three feet long) she had actually found so desecrated in the kitchen grate. She softened towards her mistress when she saw her aged eyes tender with tears over Joe's old clothes. "An' not meaning to be imperent noways, 'm, I ax yer parding 'umbly for my hot temper," says Duster, her apron over her head. It was only the day after she had declared against the millions a year; but the inconsistency in nowise disturbed her, and a treaty of peace was concluded.

But where was Joe? You may believe that the thought often ruffled Mr. Lombard. For a time he felt as an owner of sheepfolds who has been the means of letting loose a wolf. Would the runaway ever get to Australia; ever go inland to the sheepfarms—say on the Murrumbidgee; ever come across a family located there? *Might* he not do so? It was possible, certainly; nothing was impossible in the way of roving now that he was fairly afloat. Mr. Lombard ground his strong white teeth as he remembered his own folly of furious temper, which drove matters to this pass. He, who had always had his passions in such perfect control! It was unaccountable that he should have allowed himself to be urged to that insensate violence.

AMERICAN ITEMS.

AMERICAN COTTON.—The last full crop of cotton made in the United States, 1860-61, amounted to 4,779,779 bales, and was made on less than 17,000,000 acres of land. Had the land been productive, this amount could easily have been raised on 6,000,000 acres.

COTTON GROWING.—A correspondent of the "Cotton Supply Reporter," writing from Missouri, says: "I have found nearly every black man that I have spoken to on the subject express a willingness to go to Africa under English auspices. The Zambesi Valley is of more value than the Mississippi Valley. It is the most favourable region for an extensive system of

cotton culture in the world. Zumbo, at the confluence of the Zambesi and the Loangwa, is the key to the interior of Eastern Africa, and cannot be too highly prized as a commercial centre. The civil war has made abundance of skilled black labour available for cotton culture in the basin of the Zambesi."

A VETERAN CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Daniel Waldo, who had outlived a century, died at Syracuse July 30, 1864, lacking only forty-one days of being one hundred and two years old. He served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, when he was taken prisoner and confined in the famous "Sugar-House" in New York, the "Libby Prison" of that day. After his release and conversion, he entered Yale College, graduating in 1788, being at the time of his death the oldest graduate, and was licensed to preach by the Association of Windham Co., Conn. In 1856, when ninety-four years of age, he was elected chaplain of the House of Representatives in Congress, and served two years. He has continued to preach till a very late date, often preaching twice on the Sabbath. He retained possession of his mental and physical powers, excepting his sight, and died, not from disease or natural decay, but in consequence of a fall.

THE CENTRAL PARK.—During the last year the Central Park, New York, was visited by 4,327,409 persons and 922,450 vehicles. The largest number of pedestrians on any one day was 94,076, on Christmas day. There are now completed about eight miles of carriage drive, six miles of bridle road, and twenty-one miles of walk. Since the beginning of the work on the park, about 250,000 shrubs and trees have been planted. The total expense of the work to the present time has been about 5,800,000 dollars. The increase in property valuation in three wards in the vicinity of the park in the past eight years has been 24,989,936 dollars. On a single day there were upon the park 9463 vehicles and 503 horsemen. If these were to start from the Battery, at the lower end of the island, in close order, one after the other, without delay, the first vehicle would have passed to Kingsbridge, at the head of the island, and returned to the Battery, before the last carriage had commenced the journey.

NEW YORK POLICE.—The Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police contains facts of deep moral significance, and makes many most valuable suggestions. Of the 2000 policemen, only 200 are employed in Brooklyn, a compliment to the city of churches. So perfect is the system, that every portion of the graded streets in the city is passed over every hour, day and night, by a patrol man. Mock auctions are still fleecing the unwary, and concert saloons seducing the heedless. Additional legislation seems to be needed upon these points. The report condemns the present demoralizing system of the fire department, and urges a paid system as economical and safe; and suggests the establishment of a *truant school*, to which all unemployed children should be sent. The evils connected with tenement houses are brought out distinctly, while the nuisances of slaughter and fat-boiling establishments are properly condemned. It is a remarkable fact, that, of the 56,800,000 passengers crossing our ferries during the year, not one life was lost. Of 700,000 dollars reported as lost, the police recovered nearly 500,000 dollars.

AMERICAN VIEWS OF EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.—The amusing ignorance which prevails in England in regard to the simplest facts in American geography is only paralleled by the dogmatism with which a large portion of the English people, through envy and hostility 'f our success and growth, pronounce against our national government in its efforts to subdue the rebellious States. President Fairfield of Hillsdale College, Michigan, relates several absurd illustrations of this that occurred during a recent tour in England. One Englishman inquired if Maine was one of the northern or southern States. Another said, "Ohio, I believe, is one of the largest cities of New York; is it not?" and more than twenty times he was asked if Michigan was in North or South America. A Member of Parliament, while conversing about the war, said, "I am surprised that you should object to a separation from the South. You were never made to be one. Only see, a mere neck of land of insignificant dimensions connecting the two;" and he bent his fingers, indicating the isthmus connecting North and South America. President Fairfield was so amused by this, that he related it to several parties of Englishmen, but none of them detected the joke. He adds, "I verily believe that if the statement should be made in 'The Times' that this was a war between North and South America, not one in ten of those who read that newspaper would detect the mistake; and if it were so declared to a mass meeting, embracing high and low, those who read and those who do not read, not over one in twenty would know otherwise."—*New York paper.*